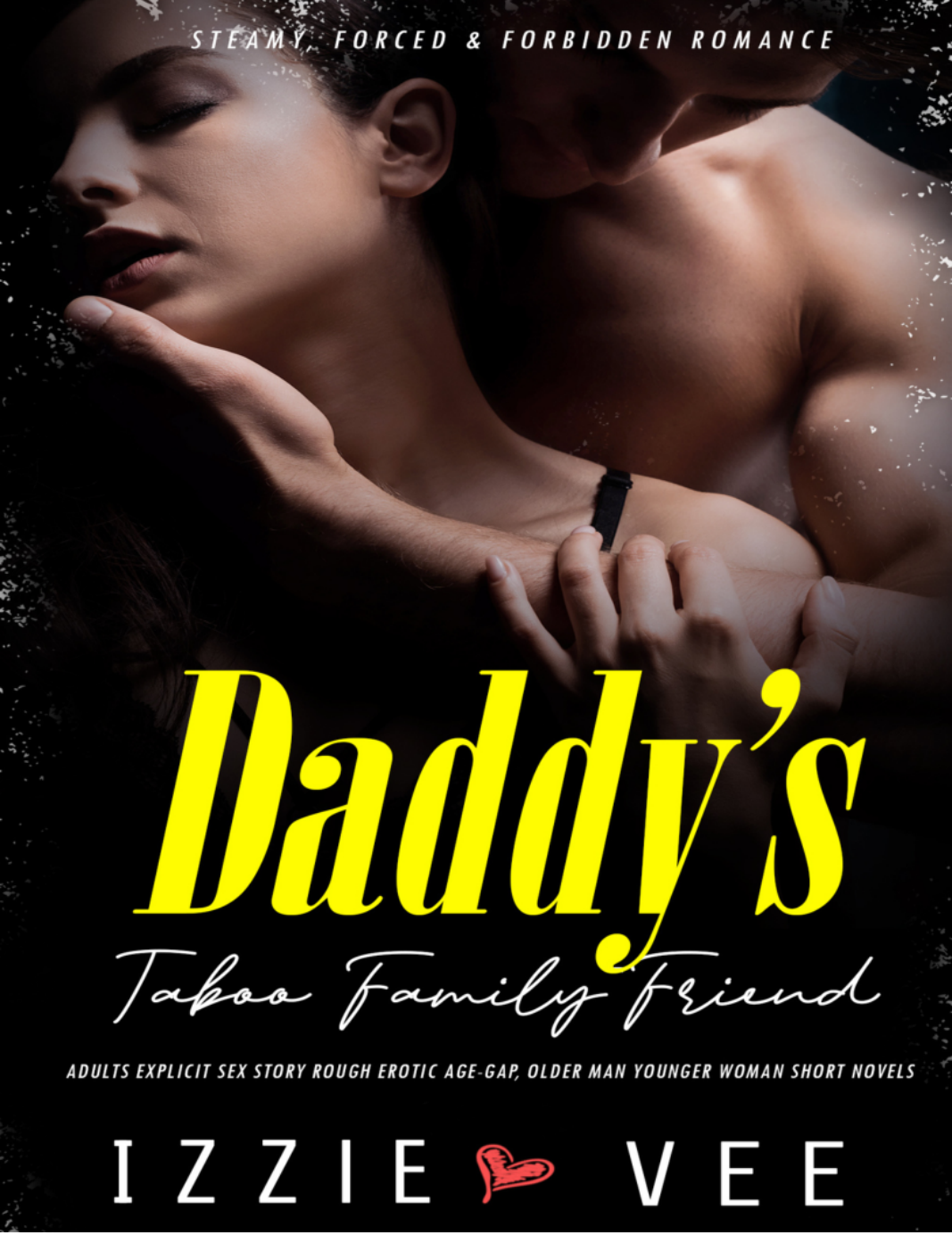
STEAMY, FORCED & FORBIDDEN ROMANCE
Daddy's
Taboo Family Friend
ADULTS EXPLICIT SEX STORY ROUGH EROTIC AGE-GAP, OLDER MAN YOUNGER WOMAN SHORT NOVELS
IZZIE VEE

Daddy's Taboo Family-Friend - Adults Explicit Sex Story

Rough Erotic Age-Gap, Older Man Younger Woman Short Novels

Steamy, Forced & Forbidden Romance

IZZIE VEE

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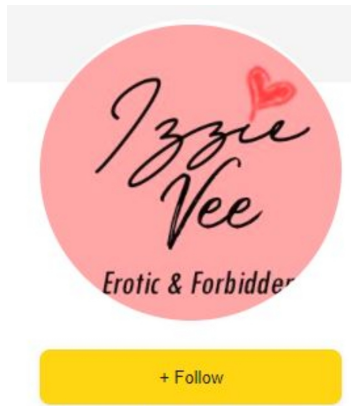

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Table of Content

Daddy's Taboo Family-Friend

Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
Chapter 4
Chapter 5
Chapter 6
Chapter 7
Chapter 8
Chapter 9
Epilogue

Chapter 1

Kat

"Mom, I'm a college student; I can handle myself perfectly fine," I say to my mother even though I'm inwardly rejoicing.

"We know, honey, but we would feel a lot better if you stayed with Grayson. It will only be for a week," my mom says as she makes a face at me that reminds me of sad little puppies.

I glance at dad, who has that silent plea in his eyes, while he momentarily glances at his watch. I know he's just dying to leave and get this over with.

I huff and slump my shoulders. "Fine. If you insist."

Mom immediately sighs and looks to my dad with a smile on her face. They think they've won, but it's really a win-win situation for all of us.

"You're such a sweetheart," she says as she kisses me on the cheeks and then proceeds to grab her bag. "We'll talk more on this later tonight, sweetie. Have a good one."

I nod. "Bye, guys."

I watch as they leave before I grab my phone and text my best friend, telling her the news. I couldn't be happier minutes ago when my parents broke the news to me, telling me they had business to take care of and would be gone for the week. I had just come back for summer break the previous night, and imagine my surprise when they told me that the man I had had a crush on for years would be my 'babysitter' for a week. I didn't want to push their buttons to the point that makes them reconsider, but I wanted to seem believable at the time. Of course, I suggested staying with my best friend Amy, but they said it wouldn't be convenient seeing that Amy shared a room with her little sister.

And of course, I had suggested staying alone, but my parents are too over-protective and are especially cautious with the rise in robbery in the area lately. Their next best option was dad's best friend, Grayson, whom they had no idea I had a crush on.

As I text Amy, my mind begins to race with possibilities. I have always looked for the perfect opportunity to flirt and shoot my shot, but I don't think Grayson ever considers me as anything other than a kid. Being under his roof would be different. I will show him just how

much I can offer him – or at least I will try to – being a virgin and all.

Half an hour later, I'm face to face with my best friend, who's finding it hard to believe that this is actually happening. She's staring at me with big hazel eyes – amusement clear as day as she awaits what I have to say next.

"It'll only be for a week, but I plan to make the best of it," I say to her.

"So you're planning to seduce him?" she asks with an excited pitch to her voice.

I bite my lips. "Or at least try…"

Amy chokes a laugh as she stares at me. "You're actually serious," she realizes.

"Yeah… Grayson is the only guy I'm attracted to Ames, and you know that. I have loved him for a long time," I casually say. Anyone apart from my best friend would think I'm crazy, but after harboring a crush for so long, I came to realize it is more than that. I am in love with a guy that I possibly can't even have.

"I know, I know," she sighs. "But what if this goes south Kat… you can end up hurt," she says as her eyes and voice soften.

I swallow, not even wanting to think of the possibility. "No negative thinking, okay. This is going to happen. I'm gonna convince Grayson that I'm a desirable woman and not a kid that he probably thinks I am," I say, trying to convince myself more than my best friend.

She smiles at me, but I can still see the bit of doubt in her eyes that tells me she isn't as confident. But I totally understand; Amy has been there every step with me and my crisis into getting Grayson to see me. No matter what I wore in the past or how much I tried to do to get his attention, it never seemed to work. He barely saw me. Whenever he ended a fling, I would rejoice, and when he was back on track again, I would break down. Amy was there through all of it, and now I figure she probably knows better than to get her hopes up this time around.

She sighs again. "Well, this time, things might actually change for real. I mean, you actually gained a few flattering pounds since last semester." Her eyes settle on my boobs, and I grin, knowing that to be true.

I no longer look like stick and bones but have actually gained a few pounds in areas that have seemingly caught the attention of numerous guys back on campus. Still, I have no interest in anyone but Grayson Tuck.

"If this pulls through, just make sure you have protection on

standby," she winks and I can't help but giggle.

I am too excited to think of anything other than the possibilities of Grayson and I being together. I want to start packing but know that my mom will probably find it weird if I do it too soon. So instead, I wait on them to arrive that following evening. It's a Saturday so I order pizza and wait for it to arrive just in time when my parents actually does.

We're sitting at the dining table eating and chatting when a thought comes to me and I freeze.

I swallow the bite in my mouth and lift my gaze up to my parents. "Er – Is Grayson actually on board with this?"

"Of course he is honey. I mean, how else would we be sending you there?" she laughs heartily and shakes her head. My heart's bubbling with joy but I can't actually make them see it.

"So he doesn't mind me in the way. I know he can be strict and all that stuff," I say.

"Honey, he's fine with it plus, he will be at work throughout the day anyway, and when night comes, you'd both have retired to your rooms," she smiles.

The idea of him constantly working puts me on edge, but I know that if I'm smart, I can actually seduce him between times.

"We're really sorry to be running off on your break, honey, but I promise we will be back before you know it and will have plenty of time before your summer ends anyway," she smiles.

I nod, picking at the pizza on my plate. "It's fine mom, I totally understand."

I understood ever since I was ten and finally realized that my parents were art dealers who were always going to be away at sometimes the most inopportune times. Sometimes they missed pageants, school meetings and lunch dates but I'm still eternally grateful for them and the fact that they never allowed me to be short of anything.

Guilt suddenly courses through me at the realisation that I'm planning to seduce a family friend they have known for almost a decade. The thought of them finding out, almost cripples me on spot and I immediately have half the mind to cancel my ridiculous plan and find some ways to get over Grayson; but I can't. I've been wanting this for so long. He has now occupied every part of me and to not have him – or at least try to, would possibly ruin me. I don't know

how this will eventually end, but I'm prepared for anything as long as I get Grayson to want me.

***

I fall asleep that night with him on my mind and wake up with him being a constant thought. I stretch, turning to the side to grab my phone. It's six, and it takes me a minute to realize that it's raining cats and dogs outside.

I mutter a curse and head to my closet to start packing a bag. I already planned what I would be bringing for the week, but once in my underwear drawer, my hand lingers, and my heart starts to race. I don't have a single pair of sexy underwear in sight. It's a bit sad, really, seeing I want to seduce a man, yet I have nothing sexy… just cotton panties with unmatched bras.

"Fuck Kat… way to be a plain Jane," I mutter, grabbing up a handful of what I have and throwing them in the case.

When I am finally done about twenty minutes later, I stare at myself and wonder if I'm actually capable of doing this. Yes, I'm not that bad looking, but surely I had to have more to actually pull this off. I can't dirty talk, I can't flirt... I've never even kissed someone before. Like a real kiss. With my experience, I belong in a fucking convent. There's no way a sexy, God-like bachelor like Grayson will want me. He's passed through many girlfriends and probably has enough experience up his belt to last him a lifetime. I don't have anything but desire.

My phone buzzes on the bed. I look down to realize its Amy who's sending me a message.

Today is the day. Break a leg … or your hymen rather, lol.

I can't help but giggle, instantly putting me in a better mood.

It's still raining when I get dressed in long sleeves and shorts and head downstairs with my suitcase in hand. Mom and dad have already packed for their trip and are around the kitchen counter, having breakfast.

"Where did this rain come from?" I ask as I look outside and then sit around the table. "Gosh, I hate rainy summers."

"Yeah, it might be a thing this time around. I haven't seen the weather reports, but this type of rain always means there's more to come," mom shrugs as she sips on her coffee.

"Yeah, I mean, we're in the hurricane season after all, and this is Florida," my dad chuckles.

I huff out a breath. “What time do you guys plan on leaving?” I ask.

“In the next thirty minutes. Our flight is at eleven, and plus we have to drop you off at Grayson’s first. The earlier the better,” dad says.

“Do you have everything, honey?”

“Yeah, I’m all set.”

“OK well I’m gonna send off an email and be right back,” she says as she leaves the room.

I try to eat some breakfast but I’m too nervous, so I drink some coffee instead and hope that settles me for a bit.

Twenty minutes later, we are inside the car, driving to Grayson’s place, a fifteen-minute drive from where we live, in a neighborhood that’s way better than the one we live in. Dad definitely doesn’t have to worry about anyone getting robbed there. The closer we get to his house, the more nervous I become. My stomach churns, and I feel sweaty all over despite the air condition in the car and the rain outside.

When we actually park in his driveway, I’m a mess who can’t seem to get her emotions in check. This is it.

“Shoot, Oh honey, we forgot to bring an umbrella,” mom says, almost startling me.

I swallow. “It’s fine, I guess. I can make a run for it,” I say as I pull at my coat.

Mom sighs. “Are you sure?”

“Of course, don’t worry. I’ll change into something warm as soon as I get inside,” I assure her, reaching for my over-the-shoulder bag.

“Ok, sweetheart. Call us if you need anything and try to have fun,” she smiles.

Not the type of fun you’re thinking, but sure.

“I will. I love you guys,” I exclaim as I reach forward to kiss them both on the cheeks.

“We love you too, honey,” they say in unison before I finally push the car door open and make a run for it.

The front door seems miles away as the cold rain beats against my skin. I am soaked and panting when I finally arrive at his doorstep. I look back to wave my parents goodbye and watch them drive away before I finally ring the doorbell on the huge mahogany door. There’s a small porch, but the rain is still blowing in and making me even wetter. I become antsy the longer I wait, no longer nervous – but

impatient, as I wait for Grayson to open the door.

As I begin to wonder if he's actually at home, the door bursts open, and he stands in front of me. I immediately go weak in the knees.

Chapter 2

Grayson

I'm hopping out of the shower when the ringing of my doorbell puts me at a standstill. I don't usually get visitors so early in the morning, but then it dawns on me that today is the day that Kat will be coming over. Shit, I had remembered up to last night but had forgotten entirely this morning. It's pouring outside, so I quickly grab a robe and throw it on before I dash downstairs to open up. When I pull the door, open, Kat is on the other side. I half expect to see her parents as well, but with it raining, I figure that they wouldn't bother.

I stare at Kat, soaked with a coat draped over her that's drenched. I don't waste any time; I quickly reach for her bag and usher her inside before closing the door behind her.

I return to find her shrugging off her coat and kicking off her shoes. As I watch her, I freeze in the spot, and lust suddenly overrides me. The rain has plastered her clothes against her skin, and the white long sleeve top is almost see-through as it clings to her. She drops the coat to the floor and rakes her fingers through her hair as she turns to me.

I swallow hard and feel the blood rush to my crotch as she stands there, practically naked from the top half with pointy nipples sticking out her chest. Her breasts are stiff, and so is my cock the longer I stand staring at her.

But fuck, this is Kat, my best friend's kid – a girl that's twelve years my junior.

I clear my throat. "Sorry I couldn't come down earlier. I was er – just getting out of the shower," I say, watching as her gaze skims over me.

I can't help it, but I'm staring at her and not in the way a man should stare at his friend's kid. But I can't help it – I actually cannot believe that this is the same Kat who was by my house on New Year's. She was scrawny then – a tiny little thing – but the Kat standing before me now is the one from a literal wet dream. She definitely filled out in the right areas, namely her hips, breast and her ass. My gaze trail down her legs, and they are wet… beads of water trailing down each slender column. I am suddenly filled with dirty thoughts, but in my mind, it isn't water that has gotten her all wet.

I can feel my loin responding to the imagery I have created in my head, so I quickly tear my gaze away and bring it to her face instead,

holding her bag in front of me to hide any possible erection. She's still beautiful – that certainly hasn't changed. But her stunning blue eyes seem even brighter now that her dark hair is clamped down on her head. Her skin has a beautiful tan that almost glistens beneath the glaze of the water.

"It's okay. Sorry for making a mess, by the way," she says as she inspects the puddle forming around her feet.

"Oh, that's fine. You may want to change out of those before you catch a cold."

The thought of her nakedness fills me with longing, and at this point, if I don't control myself, Kat will catch me with a boner, and that's the last thing I want.

"Yeah,… good thing my bag is leather, or everything would've been soaked as well," she exclaims with a short laugh. I smile and our eyes meet. It's like my heart has stopped and the intensity of her gaze freezes me.

Fuck, this shouldn't be happening; I shouldn't be having these thoughts towards Kat. I begin to blame it on the rain; I always get horny when it rains, so maybe that's the reason, but it's not a fucking excuse.

"Well, er – you know where the guest bedroom is. Everything you need is there," I tell her as I manage a smile. "I'm gonna make some coffee while you get settled in."

She quickly nods and reaches for her bag that I hand her and then promptly turn towards the kitchen before she catches sight of my growing erection. Kat escapes up the stairs; I mutter a curse, unable to believe that this is actually happening.

I've known the Wellingtons for years, and never once have I looked at their daughter in a manner that wasn't respect and admiration. But today, for the first time, I'm no longer seeing Kat as a kid but a grown woman who is as tempting as ever. I can't help but wonder what it would feel like to sink my manhood into –.

"Fuck Grayson, what the heck are you doing?" I mutter to myself, trying to let anything other than Kat occupy my brain.

I should be thinking about work and the fact that I should be getting ready to leave, but here I am, thinking about the last person I should even be thinking about. But it's like I'm suddenly plagued, and then a thought strikes me. Kat will be staying over for an entire week. If I'm already tempted by her within a day of her being here, what will it be like days from now when she will be all that I see when I

come home, tired, sexually frustrated and hornier than ever? I won't be able to call anyone over with her here. I can, but I don't want to make her uncomfortable – which is stupid because I'm a grown man and this is my house.

I pour myself a cup of coffee and gulp it down, feeling as it warms my inside. Just as I'm finally able to get my mind off Kat, she enters the kitchen with a smile. She is dry for the most part. Her hair wrapped in a towel, and she is in fresh clothes. A sweater hides the wonders I had witnessed earlier and baggy pants that don't show an inch of her shape.

I should be grateful. I am, but a part of me wants more, as stupid as it may sound.

"Coffee?" I ask, gesturing towards the cup I filled earlier.

"Thanks," she says with a smile as she reaches for it and takes a sip. She watches me from over the rim as she drinks, and I know that the screws are turning in her head. I just want to know what she's thinking.

When she has had her fill, she sets the cup on the counter and licks her lips, drawing my attention to them. They are a bright pink, looking incredibly soft and juicy.

"Thanks for letting me stay here, by the way. I told mom and dad that I would've been fine home alone, but you know how they are," she shrugs.

I smile despite myself. "Yeah, your father is very overprotective, and your mother has learned to be the same."

She laughs and somehow it manages to warm all my insides. "I see you redecorated. It's really nice," she says as she looks around the all-white kitchen.

Nice of her to notice. "Yeah, a friend of mine helped me with the redesign. Apparently, the pop of colors is much more welcoming than the black."

Her smile broadens. "It certainly is."

There's a bit of silence, but it isn't the awkward type. It's like an electrical field has been charged around us and is pulling us together. My body is heating up, my cock is starting to respond again and fuck, I want to kiss her so bad.

But my cell phone shrills, breaking the silence like ice around us, and I don't know whether to be thankful or a little disappointed. My gaze travels to the device, and I suddenly realize that it's my work alarm, letting me know that I should be leaving right about now.

I sigh as I switch it off. “Duty calls,” I say as I look towards her. She manages a smile and fondles with the handle of her mug. “I er – I will be back later this evening. Make yourself at home and if there’s anything you need, just call me. The pantry and the fridge are stocked by the way, and there’s a number for a delivery service on the coffee table in the living room.” I know I’m blabbering, which is unlike me, but I can’t seem to help it.

It seems to get a giggle out of Kat. “Yeah, noted. Thanks, Grayson.”

I nod and move past her, heading upstairs to get dressed. I have half a mind to take a cold shower before I leave, but time won’t allow it. I’m already late, and the faster I leave this house, the better.

Chapter 3

Kat

I watch as his car leaves the driveway, and it's like the oxygen has finally returned to my lungs. I take a deep breath and skip to my room which is like a master in itself with how nicely put it is. But that's the least of my worries, considering the handsome beast that just left its lair.

Grayson is even more handsome than I remembered – which is strange considering he has a face that you can't likely forget. But at thirty-two, he has a wrinkle-free face, tanned skin and green eyes that remind me of the forest. He's just as ripped as I remembered but has certainly gained a few more muscle mass in certain areas despite the unflattering robe he was wearing at the time.

I try to relay that encounter over and over in my head, and each time, it rustles my insides. If I'm not mistaken, I could have sworn he was checking me out at one point. Though I don't know what to make of it. Maybe he was just checking me out considering the fact that he hasn't seen me in a while, but if that's not the case, then he must've been pleased with what he saw.

My cheeks warm with a blush at the idea of him being attracted to me. It would definitely make seducing him a lot easier, but if I'm mistaken, then things would be a bit difficult.

For the rest of the day, all I can think about is how I will be going about my first attempt. Should I be blunt about it? Should I just approach him and tell him what's going on, or should I try to tease him a little first? How far would teasing get me, how long will it be, considering I only have a week to make it all happen.

I huff and take a shower that evening and prepare dinner which is highly unlike me, but I do it anyway. I am in his dining area, eating, when I hear his car drive-in. my heart immediately begins to flutter, and I am instantly filled with nervousness. My eyes drop to the clothes I'm wearing and luckily for me I had decided on a crop top and sweats. That should get his attention, at least, with my nipples standing like shoulders in my chest. But as the keys jingle from outside, my heart pounces faster, and I get too jittery. I dash across the room and head upstairs to mine, locking myself in as I quickly dial Amy's number.

"Hey, what's happening?" she asks.

“What should I do? The whole seduction only seemed plausible in my head,” I almost whisper.

Amy giggles on the other end. “Figured. Listen, just go for it; we both know you’re not a tease, so you’ll probably fail at that anyway…”

I frown. “So what are you saying? That I just throw myself at him?” I ask beneath my breath.

There’s a slight pause. “Yeah.”

I scoff. “I can’t believe I’m taking advice from a lesbian about men.”

Amy laughs heartily. “There’s no difference really when it comes to lust. The goal is the same.”

Sighing, I ease up from the bed. “Okay, well, wish me luck. I’m about to shoot my shot.”

“Good luck; I hope you’re sore tomorrow when I call.”

I can feel a blush coming on. “We’ll see. Bye Ames.”

The call ends, and I’m still pondering over what Amy said. For so long, I’ve been the shy, timid girl and now that I am finally getting the opportunity to come out of my shell, will I blow it?

I can’t.

Getting up, I adjust myself in the large wall mirror beside my bed and muster a sigh before I decide to head back downstairs. But as I open my door, I almost bump into Grayson who’s just outside my door. He looks me over, a smile on his face.

“Hey, is everything okay?”

“Yeah, I heard your car and decided to come say hi,” I lie, forcing a smile.

He’s smiling too, still looking fresh in his dark suit and white undershirt with a few buttons loose. I can see a small glimpse of his bare chest that makes me wonder just where else is bare. I can feel my cheeks going warm and immediately clear my throat to distract from it.

“I er – I made dinner; I left you some in the microwave.”

“You didn’t have to do that, but thank you nonetheless. I’m gonna take a quick shower and then maybe you can join me?”

My heart skips a beat, my mouth dropping open as I stare into his dark green eyes. “J-join you?”

“For dinner,” he quickly says, and I suddenly feel like an idiot. *Of*

course, for dinner Kat, what else?

"Oh, I – I had mine earlier, sorry."

"A glass of wine then?" he adds with a tight smile.

"Yeah, sure, sounds good."

He nods before giving me one final once-over and leaving for his room. Sighing heavily, I head downstairs to clear the plate I left on the counter, and warm Grayson's in the meantime. When he comes down, he's wearing sweats and a t-shirt that emphasizes every bit of muscle. It surprises me how he manages to be this fit having an office job and working all the time. His arms are bulky, shoulders are broad, and even his legs seem massive in the shorts. It makes me wonder if his manhood is just as big.

Grayson's brows furrow as he catches me staring at him. I quickly rush towards the microwave to get his food out and set it before him.

He raises a brow and looks up at me. "This looks tasty. I haven't had alfredo in a while."

He gets up and walks towards the wine cabinet, where he inspects the bottles and ultimately decides on one. He places it on the table and moves around me towards the cupboards for glasses. His scent fills me, makes me weak in the knees and clenching between the legs. It's that sweet musky scent that sticks, and I can bet his pillows smell the same, his coats… everywhere.

I almost gasp when he comes beside me and sets a glass in front of me as he pours red wine into it.

"Should you even be drinking, by the way?" he asks me, pausing.

"Well, I'll be twenty-one in a couple of months," I confess.

He seems hesitant, but then he offers me a polite smile and continues to pour. "Well, I won't tell if you don't."

I'm grinning. "Thanks."

After a few minutes, he is at the other side of the counter, eating his dinner and complimenting me on creating a tasty meal. I sip my wine as I watch him, unable to take my eyes off him, especially when the cream dangles on his lips before catching it with his tongue and swoops it in his mouth. I'm hot all over, and I know my panties are drenched with the impure thoughts of him that take permanent residence in my mind.

I am itching to get up and head over to his side, trap myself between him and the table and see how he would react, but then my heart starts to beat so fast, I fear I'd have a heart attack before

anything actually happens. But the way he is looking at me is almost an invite in itself – or am I imagining things? His gaze seems hungry and animalistic, and I'm starting to notice the way he shifts on his seat when his eyes trail from my face to my chest.

I bite my lips as a theory comes to me. Deciding to test it, I lean over with my hands below my tits, pushing it up, even more, causing it to almost spill out of the top.

I clear my throat. "So, how's work been?" I ask, deciding to start a casual conversation while trying to see if I am getting his attention.

He swallows, eyes quickly going back and forth from my face to my cleavage. I can see he's flustered. His ears are red, and he can't seem to meet my gaze. I may be a virgin, but I've watched enough movies and read enough books to know what this is.

"Er… work is fine. We are actually planning on expanding in the coming months."

"Really, where?"

"New York," he says, his eyes now trained on the plate in front of him instead of me.

I perk up. "That's awesome. Maybe I'll see you around sometime when I head back to college."

He looks up at me. "How long do you have left?"

"A year." I take my glass of wine and take a sip, my eyes not leaving his. With him looking at me, I take a chance and allow the wine to spill on me, crashing against my tits and slipping through the middle. Grayson's eyes follow every bit of it, though at this point, I don't think he can help himself. I'm rejoicing inwardly, but I want to push his buttons a little more.

"Oh shoot, I'm such a klutz; can you pass me a napkin, please?" I ask, looking down on my wet chest and then at him.

He visibly swallows, and it seemingly takes a second for him to process before he nods and gets up. "Yeah, sure," he says, racing over to the sink area to get me a piece. As he returns and hands it to me, I bite the inside of my lips, a bit hesitant, and reach for his hands. He seems taken by surprise, even more so when I place his hand on my chest.

Heat courses through every fiber in my body, and I can feel my panties pooling with wetness at his simple touch and close proximity. His eyes darken, and the breath hitches in my throat with the intensity of his lethal gaze.

“Kat, what are you doing?” he asks, voice steely and gruff – quite a stark contrast from what it was just moments ago.

I swallow, now overcome with fear. I lick my lips and try to think of something, already regretting my choices, but it’s already done. I have gotten this far. Of course, I can’t just chicken out without knowing the outcome.

“What does it look like?” I hear myself asking, my voice gone soft and somehow sultry.

“A mistake. You shouldn’t be doing this,” he says sharply, yet his hand remains in place. He can pull away, but he doesn’t, which gives me a reason to continue with this.

“Don’t you find me attractive, Grayson?” I ask. At this point, my heart is hammering in my chest, and I am sure he can feel it too.

“Kat, what is going on with you?”

“I just want to know if you desire me as much as I desire you,” I say.

He swallows, tears his gaze away for a second and shakes his head. “What does it matter; you are young, small, and most importantly, you’re my friend’s kid. Whatever this is, Kat, don’t let it happen again.” He finally pulls away, and it tugs at my heart as tears threaten to spill from me. In the next second, he is gone, and I’m all alone in the empty room with regret crashing into me like a tidal wave.

My lips start to tremble, and before I know it, my face is swimming in my tears. I completely read the signals wrong, and now I am embarrassed more than ever. How can I even continue living in his house after all that? How can I even look him in the eyes again?

After a few minutes of wallowing in my self-pity and blaming myself for even deciding to do this in the first place, I run towards my room and throw myself under my covers as sobs wrack my body. I cry for what seems like hours, even though it’s a few minutes, and decide to use the bathroom down the hall before I head to bed. I can’t even call Amy as yet to let her know what’s happening. I am too ashamed to mutter a word of this to anyone.

I am about to open the bathroom door when I pause after hearing a sound. Curious, I press my face against the door and hear him mutter a curse. The longer I listen, the more I realize he isn’t talking to himself or anyone for that matter.

He is moaning and grunting, and though I am inexperienced, I am well aware that he is pleasuring himself. I am frozen in shock, unable to believe my ears but the realization sends heat cascading throughout

my body, making me wetter than ever and ecstatic that I am the cause of it. I have to be. Less than five minutes ago, he was downstairs with his hand on my chest. I could see the lust in his eyes then, but I would never have imagined that it affected him to this degree.

I can't help but smile as I continue to listen to his moans that set me ablaze. I can feel the wetness on the top of my thighs and feel an intense need to stroke myself as well. But then his moans become louder, and he almost grunts before he settles, breathing heavily. I can hear a muffled 'Fuck," and that's enough to let me know he came. I immediately dash back to my room, thinking it would be way too awkward if I got caught. For the entire night, all I can think about is him nestled deep within me and not in his hands. It fills me with lewd thoughts, and I know I will have to up my game in the morning to get Grayson to admit his desire for me or at least act on it.

Chapter 4

Grayson

My sudden need for Kat is unlike anything I've ever felt for a woman. No woman has ever had me so confused and certainly never so sexually frustrated. If a couple of days ago someone came to me and told me I'd be lusting after my best friend's kid, I would have laughed in their face or even punched them across the face for saying such a thing, but here I am, in a predicament that's greater than anything I've ever had to overcome.

Last night took me by surprise; I didn't expect Kat to make such a move, but there she was, admitting that she wanted me, which was a dick-hardening statement in itself. I can still feel her soft flesh against the pad of my fingers, I can still see the creamy contours of her chest and how her beady nipples stuck out from her chest. Even now, I am itching to squeeze them, to wrap them in my mouth and then suck on each perky, ripe tit like a succulent fruit.

Even now while thinking about it, I can feel my desires stirring in my loin despite the speed on the treadmill. Exercising always does the trick, but I am still tainted with thoughts of the desirous little minx. I lack sleep because apart from stroking myself, all I could have thought about was her and the possibilities of plunging into her soft, young flesh, over and over again.

But Fuck, this is Kat, who I shouldn't even be having such feelings towards. I would ruin her with a single thrust. She would fall for me, no doubt, because she's young and evidently has a crush on me. I know this pattern – you fuck them, they want more than a good time. They want a relationship that I can't give – heck, I certainly can't give Kat that no matter the outcome. There are too many risks, too many things at stake.

But suddenly, all thoughts of that seem like a needle in a haystack when she appears at the door, dressed in a mini-skirt and a crop top. She's braless, her hair is down, spilling over her shoulders in beautiful dark waves, and her skin is flawless – ivory and as smooth as an old renaissance painting. Her cheeks have a blush, and from where I stand, I can see her biting the inside of her lips.

"I didn't know you have an in-house gym," she says, and even her soft little innocent voice alone puts me on edge.

I stop the treadmill and reach for a towel to dry my face. "Yeah, I had it installed a few months ago. It's more convenient," I say, trying

to be as casual as I can.

She nods as her gaze skims over me. “I see it’s working in your favor.”

In my mind, I would have liked to give her the benefit of the doubt and pass off last night as a moment of insanity. Maybe the sip of wine had charred her brain and made her act like that. That’s what a part of me wants to believe in all this. Maybe this morning, she would forget, apologize for being so bold even, and save both of us the torture of sexual chemistry and awkwardness. But clearly, with that statement, I know her goal is the same, and so are her intentions.

“Thanks,” I smile as I step off.

This can’t go any further, no matter what desire I feel towards her. Kat is forbidden. And being the bigger adult here, I should set things straight.

I turn towards her and meet her fiery gaze. I have half a mind to forget my pep talk and damn this all to hell, but I know I must do this.

“Listen Kat, I’m sorry if I came off a little too harsh last night…” I sigh. “That wasn’t my intention, but you have to stop whatever this is,” I say, making a gesture over her entire body.

Her cheeks get pinker. “You are a kid, and I –

Something flashes across her eyes before she cuts me off. “I’m not a kid.” Her voice is firmer than usual, and I know she’s angry.

“You aren’t; true, but that’s how I see you,” I lie. Maybe anger is best. Perhaps she can hate me after insinuating such a thing and finally stop.

“Do you usually get hard for kids, Grayson?” she asks me with a dangerous glint in her eyes.

I freeze, my eyes widening as I stare at her.

“I know you want me just as much as I want you, Grayson, and there’s no point in denying it. I heard you in the bathroom last night. You want me.”

I swallow hard, feeling my cock stir even though I am embarrassed and shocked – to say the least. I knew I should have used the bathroom in my room, but that one was nearer, and I needed a quick release. Fuck! What do I even say to that?

“That was a mistake,” are the words that come out of my mouth.

“So if I kiss you right now, you wouldn’t feel anything?”

Before I get the chance to respond, her lips have crashed against

mine, and I can feel their softness against me. Her tongue pushes out, and stakes claim, her body presses against mine. No matter how I will myself to resist her and push her away, the sweet, inviting feel of her mouth tells me otherwise. I can't help myself. Katherine has come to damn me to hell, and in this moment, I don't mind eternal damnation.

My tongue dabbles with her, explores her mouth in the most sensual fashion before my hunger takes course. The longer I kiss her, the longer her body is pressed against mine, the more my body aches with need. My hand circles her waist, and I pull her even harder against me. She is soft, and welcoming. Her kiss is sweet and innocent, but it drives me insane. Her perfume is like fresh fruits, the shampoo in her hair like vanilla. Her sweetness overwhelms me, her body drives me insane, and her lips are like heaven – each lip like a soft cloud. I take all she gives as her soft little whimpers fill my sex with hardness.

Desire pumps through my veins like fire, my brain has gone to mush, and the only thing I can make sense of is Kat's body against mine. Needily, my hands begin to explore her body, trailing over her round little ass, skimming at her smooth flesh before I realize she isn't wearing any panties. I freeze, but she continues to kiss me while I think about how easy it might be to turn her over, hoist her skirt and fuck her senseless. My cock hardens against her tummy, and I am seconds away from going through with it when my cell phone rings.

I pull away from her as if I've been burned and look her in the eyes.

"Kat, please. This isn't a good idea," I almost plead with her even though every inch of my body calls for her.

I shake my head to clear the fog as I contemplate answering the phone that continues to shrill in the background. I should, but I don't, Kat pins me with her beauty and the sensation still buzzing against my skin. I am torn between right and wrong. The need to fuck her and the need to push her away.

But I'm needy, she's beautiful and as tempting as ever with doe-y blue eyes that shatter my resolve. I am ruined with a single kiss. My body is dying to have more – taste more of her sweet flesh. To give her exactly what she wants.

"I want you so much," she whispers, inching closer towards me.

I swallow. "You're killing me here, Kat. This isn't right."

She licks her lips, still flushed from the intense kissing session. "What's wrong about it?"

She's so near again that I can feel the heat radiating from her skin

on me. Her stomach is grazing my cock again, and fuck, it almost hurts.

"We don't have to have sex right away. We can work our way towards it," she softly says. "I'm not giving up until I have you inside me, Grayson."

My heart races. I open my mouth to speak, and she's right there, collecting every breath. "My cock would ruin you, little girl."

She pauses, but the slyest smile forms on her peachy pink lips. "One way to find out…daddy."

My breath hitch, and my cock swell to a painful degree as I process her words. The single word in particular. Damn it all!

I reach for her and pull her against me, loving the little gasp that leaves her mouth in return. I kiss her hard, and she kisses me back just as greedily. My hands then start to roam over her. Over her sides, her breast and her ass. With each contact, she moans against me, getting louder when my strong hands cup her ass cheek and greet it with a hard squeeze. I am reminded that she isn't wearing any panties and push my hand further down to graze her intimate flesh. The wetness that greets me sends a moan bubbling from my throat. She is bare, warm and incredibly wet. For me. This beauty could have anyone she wants, yet she is dripping for me.

She shimmies a bit closer, and I can feel her stomach rubbing against my erection. If she keeps it up, it will be inside it in a matter of seconds. But I know I have to take it fucking slow – if not for me, then definitely for Kat. Despite the tease she seems to be, she deserves so much more. She deserves everything.

I lift her legs and my buckle from all the pent-up sexual tension. I want to lay her down in a bed and make sweet love to her, but the futon is closest I get to that.

I lay her glorious body down, and she smiles at me, spreading her legs and giving me an eyeful of her exquisite, wet snatch.

"Jesus fucking Christ," I mutter under my breath as I study her welcoming flesh.

"All yours, daddy," she says, her hands reaching down to spread her flesh. The imagery sends signals to my cock, and it twitches in my pants, letting me know what time it is. If I look at her any longer, I will combust in my pants.

Kat is a treasure; she is magic.

I get on my knees, unlike I have done to any other woman and come face to face with her dripping pussy. She smells magnificent, her

arousal seducing me like a pheromone in the atmosphere.

As eager as I am, I look up to her and study her face. She looks a tad bit nervous, but the need on her face is crystal clear.

“Are you sure about this?” I ask, hoping she will say yes but know I will respect her all the same even if she changes her mind.

“Yes, please.”

It’s all the answer I want. Without hesitating a second longer, I push her skirt up a little higher and lower my mouth to her succulent flesh. She tastes as expected, sweet and intensely intoxicating as I feast on her. She whimpers; she writhes a little as my tongue feasts on the perimeter of her flesh, lapping up the sweet nectar she produced for me. I hum against her skin, watching as her lips part with each lick and then regain their position again. My tongue juts inside her tiny hole and fucks her repeatedly, my saliva draining down her flesh as she begins to writhe even more.

“Ohhh, oh … yes,” she exclaims, her legs closing up. I reach for them and press them to the side, opening her even more as I continue to tongue fuck her. Her pussy looks like it’s never been used before, but I know that can’t be true. There’s no way a virgin can be such an incredible tease. Still, I give it little thought as I stray from her tiny hole to suck her hardened clit, which moves along my tongue like silk.

She trembles as I suck hard, now watching her and the way she arches her neck, her mouth wide open and her eyes closed. She is the perfect vision of endless wet dreams – a picture of perfection, and I know I’m already hooked.

I begin to suck on her clit even faster before moving a finger inside her sopping quim. She gasps, her walls instantly clamping down on the single-digit as it welcomes the unfamiliar object. She’s all feathery and soft, and I know I would be in heaven when I finally take her. After this, I know I have to. I drive my middle finger back and forth, my tongue fanning against her clit as I gradually increase my pace.

I know she’s near; her moans have gotten louder, and her fingers are now running through my hair as she urges me on.

“Cum for me, princess,” I rasp against her, and she shivers.

I start to take her even faster, her walls now clenching and unclenching as her ass lifts from the sofa. Juices ooze from her, and I know I have her just where I want her. She starts to bucks, and I drill her even harder and faster, my mouth still on her clit as I drive her insane.

“Grayson!” she shouts and grips my fingers so tight even I can’t

resist a moan. Her orgasm is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen as she starts to tremble like a leaf in the wind, her body writhing, her eyes rolling to the back of her head as she groans and grunts breathlessly.

I stop to watch her, my finger still curling inside her as she climbs her mountain and comes back down again. Sweat glistens on her ivory skin, and from thrashing around so much, I can see a glimpse of her pink nipples peeking out from her crop top.

I am tempted to fill her again but not with my finger this time. Her eyes slowly flutter open, and she has a glow that tugs at my heart. She smiles, blushes, and says something that surprises me completely.

She licks her lips and meets my gaze. “I- I want your hot cum all over me… please,” she softly says.

I am stiff everywhere but I need a release, and Kat is begging to see that happen. She pushes her crop top to either side of her tits, leaving them to point at me as I push down my pants and straddle her stomach with one leg up on the futon and the other on the floor. I am rock hard – literally pulsing for a release. When Kat sees its size, her eyes widen, and a blush warms her cheeks. She must be wondering if it can even fit in her small pussy. I doubt it.

Wordlessly, she reaches for it and starts to stroke it. I moan, loving the way her small hands massage me. She does this for a while, but then she reaches beneath me, rubs her palm over her core and brings it back to my manhood. It’s glistening with her juices as she uses it as lube to stroke me. I clench my teeth so hard I fear it will shatter in my mouth. The pleasure is too good. Me perched above her is surreal.

“Faster princess,” I barely make out, baring my teeth as her hand tightens around my hardened length.

A couple of strokes later and I’m grunting loudly while Kat continues to jerk me off. I bust and I bust hard, bucking and trembling as spurts of my semen shoot out from my cock and land across her chest.

“Yes, I want it all!” she exclaims, and she continues to stroke me.

It seems I now have an endless supply as cum plasters across her chest, some even hitting her chin. Her breasts are creamy with it… her nipples glazed like a freshly baked donut. Cum drains down her fingers, which is wrapped around my head, squeezing out every drop that renders me weak and useless.

I collapse beside her on the small piece of furniture, our bodies smashed together as we come down from our high. I still can’t believe

it. I can't believe it's Kat who has given me the most glorious hand job of my life. I can't believe that despite the orgasm I just had, I still need her as badly as I need oxygen.

I am fucked.

Chapter 5

Kat

I am buzzing; my entire body feels euphoric as I bask in the aftermath of my orgasm and the one I just gave Grayson. His warmth is plastered all over me and is now liquefying as it warms against my skin. Grayson is still beside me, breathing heavily while I'm still finding it hard to believe that he just ate me out – that his mouth was on me.

I still don't know where I got the courage from to be teasing him in such a manner earlier but when I'm around Grayson, it's like I'm a new person. He brings out my wild side, and I want to explore every bit of it with him. I want him again. Regardless of the orgasm I just had that leaves me exhausted, I want this to last a little longer. I need him inside me.

But then he eases up, unable to meet my gaze and pulls on his pants. He still doesn't look at me as he reaches across for his phone to maybe check who was calling him. His face hardens immediately, and I can see him visibly clench his teeth as he looks down on it.

"It was your dad," he manages to say in a husky tone. I can see the guilt on his face and can tell that he's regretting what happened. My heart tugs painfully. "I should have answered earlier."

I swallow, afraid of what I'm about to ask. "Would it have changed anything?" I croak.

He finally looks at me with his intense green eyes, a slight frown on his face. "It would. I'm sorry, Kat, but this should never have happened," he says, and I instantly feel like crying.

"Quit saying that!" I snap. "It did."

"Have you ever even considered the shit storm this could cause? What if your parents find out?" he exclaims a tad bit louder.

"Then so be it! We are both adults," I exclaim as I get up. His cum slips between my boobs, and I watch as his eyes follow the movement before he seemingly catches himself and shakes his head.

He licks across his lips. "Kat, I just don't want you to get hurt."

"I won't," I say with as much confidence as I can muster.

He doesn't seem convinced. His mouth opens and closes before he finally says. "Are you sure that you can keep your heart out of this? You already know that no one lasts for a long time with me," he says.

I know that much, but I can't let him know that my heart is already

involved – have been from the very start. But I already want everything Grayson has to offer, and honesty won't give me that.

"I understand casual, Grayson; don't worry," I say as I drop my gaze to adjust my top.

I look up after to find him nodding. "Good, but your parents can't ever know about this…" he warns.

"I get it." There's an edge to my voice, and I quickly clear my throat, smiling at him. "I'm gonna take a shower," I say as I get up, my knees feeling wobbly, but I stand my ground and head upstairs, sighing heavily when I get to the bathroom.

I feel sad somehow and know it's based on the fact that all this is just possibly sex to him. He doesn't want me for the long haul – I don't arouse any other part of him other than his cock. I will be a notch on his huge, decorated bedpost. That should be enough to have me running for the hills and forgetting him, but my heart is already involved. I'm growing to love this man even more after finding out that we are sexually compatible in every way.

The following day, I'm expecting him to be at work, but it's raining heavily outside and he's in the kitchen making breakfast in his sweat shorts and a sleeveless shirt that's got his muscles on full display.

"Good morning," he says as if sensing my presence. He doesn't look up; just continues to do what he's doing in the sexiest way possible.

"Good morning."

"I remembered you saying that you like omelets," he says, looking up at me with a smile on his face. His eyes rove over my body before it's on the task at hand again.

"Correct," I smile, happy that he even remembered.

Feeling a bit more comfortable, I walk to the counter and take a seat. "Want any help?"

"I've got it covered," he smiles. "I have all the time on my hands anyway." His eyes shift to the windows. "Weather forecast says the rain will continue throughout the day. A storm's passing."

"Oh wow," I perk up. "So, no work today?"

"Well yeah, but I just won't be going in. That's one of the perks of being your own boss," he winks.

I bite my lips as I think about the possibility of being stuck inside all day with Grayson on a rainy day. I don't want to push him anymore just yet, but I feel the mood has already set itself for any

possible outcome.

“Have your parents called?” he asks, cutting into my thoughts.

“Yeah, mom called me last night to ask if I was okay. Spain is all sunshine and rainbows, apparently.”

He nods, smiling, but I can still see that any mention of my parents will forever make him feel guilty.

I swallow. “Grayson, are we good?”

His gaze settles on me. “Yeah, why wouldn’t we be?”

I resist a snort. “Because any mention of my parents and guilt takes over…”

He sighs and presses his palms to the counter. “Can you blame me? I’m torn between wanting you and not wanting to betray my friends,” he exclaims, and my heart starts to thud in my chest.

Our gazes meet and that heat returns to my body full force, settling between my legs. I want to leap forward and kiss him – to experience something similar to what happened the other day and I can see he wants it too, but instead, he shakes his head and sigh, moving to the cupboard.

“I’m just about done with breakfast. We can maybe sit in and watch a movie or something,” he shrugs.

I nod. “Sounds great.”

Ten minutes later, we are in the living room having breakfast and scrolling through movies to watch.

“Any suggestions?” he asks.

“Well, the proposal is my all-time favorite, so I’d say that.” I smile, and he nods while proceeding to search.

A few minutes later, the movie starts. The rain is still pouring, and I can’t concentrate on the movie. I only see Grayson. I can’t do anything but think about him. I don’t want his attention on the movie; I want it on me.

“Have you ever been with someone like me?” I ask him. He looks to me a little confused. “My age.”

He swallows. “Never.”

I bite my lips. “Oh, well, it’s your turn to ask me a question,” I say.

He looks at the tv and then at me. “I guess we’re putting the movie on pause then….” I nod, and he shifts in his seat and turns to me.

“What’s the most adventurous thing you’ve ever done?” he asks me,

genuine curiosity in his eyes which makes me feel comfortable.

I want to tell him that the most adventurous thing I've ever done was what we did together on his futon, but I don't want to scare him off so easily.

"Amy and I went Skydiving on our eighteenth birthday. It was insane, and I really wanna do it again."

He nods. "Sounds fun but do you wanna hear a secret?"

I perk up. "Yeah, sure."

"I'm afraid of heights, so that's something I'll never do."

"Wow, well, never say never."

He smiles, his gaze pinned on me in a way that makes me all warm on the inside. "Your turn."

"Have you ever had your heart broken?"

He immediately shifts in his seat and rubs his jaw. "Um… this one time, a few years back. I was in love with this girl; I thought she was the one…" Grayson trails off and rakes his fingers through his hair before he sighs. "I was planning to propose, so I made sure everything was perfect. I popped the question, she said no, and I later found out she was cheating on me all along."

"Wow, that must've sucked. I'm sorry to hear that."

Shrugging, he says. "Yeah; if it were meant to be, it would have been. My turn…Tell me something most people would've been shocked to find out about you."

It takes me a minute to process because I am still processing his reply to the heartbreak question. I want to understand the root of the problem and try to figure out if that's why he is the way he is now – afraid of commitment. I want to think on it, but I guess I must have spaced because I am pushed from my thoughts when I hear Grayson calling my name.

He looks a little worried as he awaits my answer. I blurt the only reply I know. "That I'm a virgin."

His face suddenly pales and I can see he is more shocked than anything else. I want to kick myself for saying such a thing. Trying to get Grayson to want me is hard enough, but now I can see the screws turning in his head. There's no way he will want me now as a virgin – it would make things more complicated, I am sure, but he'd find out eventually. Better now than to have him regretting mid-penetration.

"Fuck, Kat," he hisses, raking his fingers through his hair again, the

tousled look making him look even hotter.

“I just thought you should know,” I exclaim softly.

“You said you can do casual, but there’s no way you can being a virgin and all.” His voice raises an octave and I can feel my heart thudding in my chest.

“I can!” I exclaim, glad that my voice is actually firm in all this. “I’m not an idiot, Grayson. I know you don’t want a relationship from me, and I don’t want one from you either,” I lie. “But neither of us can ignore the chemistry that we have.”

His eyes soften, and I’m sweaty all over. “Kat, I don’t want to hurt you – I’ve made that clear – so I think the best thing we can both do, is try to stay our separate ways until your parents get back. After that, we can forget any of this ever happened.”

He gets up, and just like that, he’s gone again. My eyes burn, it feels like I’m carrying a bolder in my throat, and as soon as he disappears up the stairs, I can’t help the sob that breaks free.

Chapter 6

Grayson

A virgin.

I can't believe it but yet, I probably should have seen it coming. There was an unforgettable innocence in the way she kissed me and jerked me off but I had shrugged it off as her being nervous. Hearing her say the words earlier, allowed me to gain more clarity. I am now a hundred percent sure that nothing can happen between Kat and me. Virgins always get attached – they always want more, and I can't give her that. No matter how much I want her, I cant.

And yet, the thought of being her first intrigues me in a way that I can't explain. I can't help but picture her face as I enter her for the first time, I want to know how her body responds, and most of all, since she's a virgin, I am curious to see if she'll be able to take all of me. My fingers still remember her tightness, and my cock responds to the thought. Resisting Kat will be torture, and quite frankly, I know that if she pushes a little harder, I may not be able to control myself again.

The rain is still falling later that night, and I'm lying restless in my bed with one thing on my mind; Kat. This type of weather has always managed to get me horny but I'm the horniest I've ever been in my entire life. All for a woman I can't even have. My manhood is like a pole in my pants, and I'm tempted to stroke myself to an orgasm but I know that it'll only be for a few minutes until I'm hard again.

Thunder blares, and I can see streaks of light flash through my window as the rain continues to pour. I am tempted to check in on Kat. Ever since the whole ordeal this morning, I haven't seen or said a word to her, wanting to uphold my earlier statement to avoid her. But for courtesy's sake, I know I have to.

I get up and head to her bedroom, knocking on the door.

"It's open," her soft voice greets me.

I am a bit hesitant to answer, but I do so. She's all cuddled up in bed with the covers drawn over her head but when she hears me enter, she pulls it down and peeks up at me.

"I er… I was just checking in to see if you're okay," I say.

Thunder rumbles, and she flinches. "Yeah, just not a fan of this type of weather. I just prefer the rain without all this drama," she

smiles, and I chuckle. “Could you stay with me for a while, until I fall asleep?” she asks.

I am taken aback by her request, my dirty mind starting to conjure up pictures of her petite body pressed against mine. My cock stirs, and I know no is the best answer, but I also want to comfort her and give some type of reassurance that she will be fine.

“I promise, I won’t do anything.”

Her short statement should reassure me, but it doesn’t. I nod nonetheless and move towards her on the tiny bed, sitting beside her. She smiles – the perfect picture of innocence and beauty and snuggles closer in her blanket. I’m expecting her to try something – a part of me wants her to – but instead, she closes her eyes, willing herself to sleep.

She is asleep minutes later. I know I should leave now, but I can’t bring myself to do so. So instead, I move beneath her covers and try to do the same but my body grazes Kat’s and I can feel everything awaken inside me. She stirs, and I freeze, muttering a soft curse beneath my breath. I expect her to be asleep, but her eyes flutter open, and she stares up at me with dreamy eyes, a timid smile on her face.

“Do you want to leave?” she asks.

I swallow. Of course, I don’t, but I have to. “Do you want me to?” I ask.

She bites her lips and shakes her head, easing up a bit. “What if I lied earlier…Would you be upset?”

I stiffen. “Lied about what?”

“Saying I won’t try anything.”

“I’m not upset.” My voice is husky.

Our gazes lock before mine trail down to her juicy lips, which I’ve been dying to taste again. I know that resisting Kat will only make me want her even more. We have days to go before she leaves, but I know I can’t make it to tomorrow without kissing her again. When her lips touch mine, the fire in my body starts to blaze even hotter, and I know that I’m fucked.

I kiss her hard, exploring every bit of her sweet mouth with my tongue. There’s no hesitation from her – just pure desire that I can taste on her warm tongue. It stirs my insides and increases the need that rages inside.

Kat eases and hovers over me, our lips still joined. Holding her by

the hips, I settle her on the hard erection that is throbbing through my pants. She whimpers, kissing me deeper as she starts to grind on me.

“Tell me this is what you want, Kat,” I rasp against her lips, and she moans before slightly pulling apart and looking deep into my eyes.

“More than anything,” she says, capturing my mouth again and taking me by surprise. My hands run up her side and under her tiny crop top. Fingers grazing across the swell of her breast and all the way up until I am pulling it over her head. Her hair falls back in a tousled mess, and my breath catches in my throat as I look at her and how beautiful she is. My hands find her tits, and mold each one while she continues to grind on me, looking straight into my eyes. I’m painfully hard and becomes even harder with her crotch rubbing against me.

I am desperate, needy, and I want nothing else but to feel her naked pussy on me. Flipping her over, I make her lay on her back before moving down her body and pulling off her little cotton shorts. I am surprised to find that she isn’t wearing any panties, and when I look at her, she smiles.

“You little minx,” I chuckle, kissing between her tits, licking her soft skin until I reach her belly button. The fast rise and fall of her stomach tell me that she is enjoying this – that she is aroused and in need of me. I move down and lick over her pussy, loving the whimper that leaves her mouth. My tongue probes deeper, immediately drenched by her wetness which still tastes like the sweet nectar from succulent fruit.

But it’s only a tease; today, it’s all about my entire length deep into her. Kat is like an angel, all sprawled out on the bed with her legs spread for me. I want to fuck her senseless, but I’m reminded that she is a virgin and will have to take it slow.

She watches me until I strip, eyeing below my waist, which is at full attention, large and hard. She swallows and licks her lips, and fuck, the last thing I want to do is take it slow.

But I kiss her again and bask in the feeling of her hand on my skin – her fingers entwined around my neck as she traps me in a kiss. I want to do this forever. To relish in the feeling of my body pressed against hers, her warm skin and the way her hard nipples rub against me as we kiss. I shift, the smooth head of my erection settling at her warm entrance. Kat instantly moves down, rolling her hips against me and moaning against my mouth as her body begs for penetration.

My body is buzzing, each nerve responding to Kat. I want to take her now, but instead my hands move between us, my fingers finding her cunt. I slip a finger inside, and she gasps, deepening the kiss as I test her readiness. She meets my fingers with each thrust, pushing down her body so I can enter her deeper. Her wetness bathes my fingers, the heat from her core increasing my passion.

I add another finger and her moans increase as I drive them back and forth. She starts to writhe, pulling me further on her as I finger fuck her. She clenches around my digits, and the more I push them inside her, the more she slackens and pools with wetness.

“Oh God, Grayson… I’m gonna come!” she exclaims as the first shiver jolts her body. I hook my fingers inside her, and she stiffens, but before she can ride the waves of her orgasm, I pull my fingers out and watch the shock that takes over her face. Her legs move to tighten around me, but I push them apart and ease up.

“I want you inside me… please.” She blushes at the request, and I smile.

“Tell me everything you’d like, princess,” I rasp.

She licks her lips. “I want you to fuck me like this, and then I want to ride you,” she says in a soft tone.

I smile and reach for Kat’s lips with the fingers that had just fucked her. They are doused in her juices, but she collects every drop with the twirl of her tongue as she sucks on them.

“Do you like the way your pussy tastes, Kat?” I ask her.

“Mmhmm,” she says with my fingers still in her mouth.

When she has licked off every drop, I settle myself between her legs and push her legs apart. Her bald flesh is soaked. I guide my cock towards it and watch as her lips slowly part to grant me access. Her mouth is open as she awaits the intrusion with bated breath. I’m so huge against her and for a sec I think it won’t fit. The head gains access and she moans but that isn’t even the hardest part. She still has the beefier parts to take in.

I press further into her, and she gasps, grabbing onto my arms, and she clamps her eyes shut. Her walls contract around the head, and I know there’s no fucking way she can take me.

“Fuck,” I hiss.

She looks at me and before I can say a word, she shuffles from beneath me and lies on her stomach. The glistening tip of me is mere inches from her mouth before it dawns on me what she is about to do.

“Kat…”

She holds onto the base of it and takes me into her mouth. She licks around the head and sucks hard while I close my eyes, unable to believe this is true. I have my fucking cock in Kat’s mouth, and she is doing a damn good job of blowing me off. She gradually takes me in deeper, and I watch in amazement as her small mouth stretches to take me further in, her saliva running down the column of my cock. It is sloppy, and I love it. She gags when she takes me too far, but being the fucking firecracker that she is that never fails to amaze me, she goes again until I am halfway in her mouth.

I want to feel her throat but know that’ll only happen with some practice. She continues to slobber on my length, moaning as she moves back and forth with her sweet lips massaging me. I close my eyes to bask in the feeling and know that I won’t last another minute. So instead, I pull her up and kiss her, tasting myself on her while I clean her mouth with my own.

“I think we can try again…daddy,” she smiles, licking at her lips.

There she goes again with that word that brings me more pleasure than I could ever imagine. The thought of being a daddy dom to Kat and her being my little submissive gives me a high I can’t explain.

I push her down on her back and she giggles while spreading her legs again. She glistens with her wetness and without a bit of hesitance, I position my cock towards her opening again. I push in and she gasps, but as I continue, I realize I am gaining much more leeway than before. I stroke her insides with my manhood until I feel some amount of resistance that gives me confirmation that she is a virgin.

I look into her eyes, and she nods, urging me to go further. I push in and feel her narrow passage parts to accept me. She gasps, her face reddens, and her hold on me tightens, but I don’t stop. I penetrate her until half my length is buried inside her small cunt. She starts to involuntarily clench around me while I remain still, allowing her to get accustomed to my size. When I begin to move back and forth, her gasps fill the air with each stroke.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes… don’t stop, please.”

I move slowly until I see the tension fade from her face and know that she isn’t in as much pain as before. She is like heaven, and I have to muster up every restraint possible not to fuck her senseless. The slowness, the intimacy and the emotional and physical connection are driving me crazy. I almost want to get up and run to

my room, but the sheer euphoria of having her under me – of being inside her, is all I need to continue. All I need to know is that one time with Kat definitely won't be enough.

I reach down to suck on a nipple, and she screams, her inner walls tightening around my cock.

"Faster…I want more," she begs me, her breath fanning against my skin, sweat beading on our bodies.

I oblige, pushing further into her as I fuck her faster. She clings to me tighter, her legs widening as she accepts each hard thrust. The contact of flesh and flesh creates slapping sounds in the room, and with the way my cock has started to glide more effortlessly back and forth, I know she is drenched slippery with desire.

Her slick body rolls against mine as she tries to meet each of my thrusts. I sink deeper, and her core convulses around me again, soft moans leaving her mouth.

"Oh, Kat, you are so perfect… so fucking perfect," I exclaim as I fuck her without holding back. Her nails dig into my back, and her whimpers tell me she is near. I am too.

"I want to be on top," she whispers.

I reach for her and flip her on top of me without withdrawing from her core. She scrapes her hair to the back and starts to bounce on top of me. I can't believe she has me buried inside of her and seems to be enjoying it. My entire shaft is slick with our juices, some settling in a creamy white ring around the base.

Her tits bounce with each stroke, and her body is glistening with sweat.

"Oh my gosh… oh my gosh!" she exclaims as she starts to grind on me, hips rolling back and forth, side to side with all of my length inside her. I mutter a curse under my breath and grab her hips as she starts to move wildly on me. Her eyes roll over, she shrieks, does a final roll and then she stiffens, her walls convulsing around me, growing tight like the first time I entered her.

My cock twitches inside her, and I grab onto her and have her on her back again, rutting into her as hard as I can while collecting her screams against my mouth. Her legs wrap around me and pin me in place, her walls clenching and unclenching as her orgasm takes course.

"Ohhh Ahhggn! Yess!" she exclaims, body trembling. "I want to feel your cum inside me."

That wasn't my initial plan, but as soon as I hear the words, I buck

inside her, twitching as I pump gouts of semen inside her. I press my forehead against hers, my ass flexing as I fill her up. My heart is hammering against my chest, and I bask in the bliss, making a mental statement for this being the best sex of my life.

Chapter 7

Kat

My heart is pounding in my chest as I descend from the high of my orgasm. I am happy, and it feels like my heart is about to explode in my chest. Prior to this, there were many ways I tried to imagine how I would feel my first time, but no amount of thought, porn or masturbation can compare to the feeling that I had when Grayson was inside me. Admittedly, it was painful and uncomfortable at first, but the more he moved inside me, the more the pain faded, and pleasure took its course.

Even now, in the aftermath, my body still thrums from the reminder of him, though I know the ache between my legs won't leave anytime soon. I am sore I know; Grayson is huge, and for a while, I feared I wouldn't take him but was glad when I did. I can feel his essence between my legs, slick against my thighs as it slowly trickles from me.

He is beside me, still breathing heavily and drenched in sweat that smells like body wash and cologne. My eyes lower to his groin and I can feel my face heating with a blush. He's still surprisingly hard and is glistening with my juices. Though I am exhausted, I want him again. I don't think I will ever stop wanting him.

I look up to him and our gazes meet. I'm glad to see that there isn't any regret there – just pure desire for me.

"What are you thinking?" I ask, huddling up to him.

"That you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. You are perfect, Kat." He reaches in and brushes a lock of hair from my face. I smile. I'm even more in love with this man than before. God help me.

"What's in that pretty little head of yours?" he asks, smiling down at me.

I bite my lips. "I want you again," I whisper.

His eyes darken but he chuckles. "Someone's a little greedy."

I blush, looking down at his crotch. "Makes two of us."

He knows he's guilty and only smiles as he captures my mouth for a kiss. This time it isn't primal or hungry; it's soft and feathery and makes my heart soar. He turns me on my side and settles behind me with his erection poking in my back. But then he shifts further down, his hands clasped around my breast and enters me from behind.

I wake up the following morning with the sun bright on my face. My eyes shift to the clock on the nightstand and I realize its minutes to ten. It suddenly dawns on me that Grayson is gone, and I'm alone. Apart of me wanting to wake up in his arms like in the movies, but as I look around, the clearer my reality becomes. My stomach churns as I ease up from the bed, wincing at the discomfort between my legs and the soreness in my limbs. Having sex with Grayson was already too good to be true; expecting him to still be here is a reach.

But as I sling my legs out of bed, he enters the room with a smile on his face and two mugs in hand. A robe is draped around his lean body, and my stomach flutters as I feel the heat rise to my cheeks.

"Good morning, beautiful. Coffee?" he asks, handing me a cup.

I take it with a grin. "Thank you," I say as I take a sip. "I thought you left for work or something."

"Yeah, I'll be leaving a little late today. About noon," he says as she sits beside me. "How do you feel?"

I bite my lips. "Just a little sore but I'll be fine."

Something flashes across his gaze before he gets up and places his mug on the side table. "I'm gonna run you a warm bath."

I'm cheesing and have no idea when I will stop. "You're sweet but you don't have to do that," I assure.

He only smiles. "I want to."

He leaves the room, and in less than ten minutes' time, he returns. "All ready."

I get up, and my knees almost buck together with the bliss still floating through my body. Grayson comes over, and I almost gasp when he takes me into his arms and carries me to the bathroom. I'm stunned at his sweetness. I'd expected him to be a little cold – to have some form of regret based on the conversations we've had about this, but he's being such a gentleman. Is it because he feels some type of responsibility for taking my virginity?

He sets me on the floor and looks to the filled tub. "I put some things in there that should help you relax."

The water looks a bit creamy, and I can smell a few essential oils. I step in, and the warmth sends shivers up my spine. When I finally settle in, I smile up at him. "Join me?"

He shakes his head. "This is all for you, Kat."

"I want to enjoy it with you," I insist.

He seems a bit hesitant but wordlessly peels off his robe and stands before me in all his naked glory. His muscular body makes me more heated in the warm bath. He steps in and settles behind me. I lean against him and almost sigh with the flurry that his presence brings me. I feel small against him as I lean into his chest and feel his warmth radiate on me. I never want to leave his side. I want to know everything about this man – I want to spend each day wrapped up in his arms.

But even as he holds me, as he pours handfuls of water all over my body, I can sense the elephant in the room and can't help but ask;

"Do you regret anything, Grayson?" My voice is so low, I doubt he hears a word that I say, but he pauses, and I know that he does.

"I don't," he admits, and I smile. "Last night was amazing, and that's all I'm trying to focus on. The now."

I guess that's better than regrets. After all this, he's going to walk away unscathed, while I will definitely have a broken heart. Might as well enjoy it while it lasts.

"Could we go out on Friday?" I ask, biting my lips. "It'll be my last night and I want to make it memorable."

"Ok, where do you have in mind?"

"There's a club that I really want to go but it's not really Amy's style, so I haven't gone because I have no one to go with."

"A club?"

"Yeah. It's about twenty minutes away."

He pulls me closer to him and kisses me along my neck. "Ok, sure. We can do that."

I smile and turn to kiss him. We make out until I feel him growing hard against me and know that he is ready as much as I am. My body slides against his like butter as we kiss, and somehow I am wetter despite being drenched in water.

"We should take this to the bedroom," he growls against my lips. We both get up and step outside of the tub, still kissing while we tumble to the bedroom. But we don't reach the bed. I slip, and Grayson comes crashing with me to the floor.

I burst into a giggle, and so does he, but he obviously has no plans of getting back up. He leaves my mouth and trail down my wet body to my breast, where he sucks hard, earning a gasp from me. The sheer intimacy has me pooling with wetness even more and I realize that in less than a day, my need for this stallion has increased.

His cock rubs up against my thighs and finally settles between my thighs where I am wet the most. There isn't any foreplay this time – just an animalistic need that overpowers both of us. I claw at him needily and he responds by plunging into me. I gasp and cling to him as he starts to drive in and out of me. My aching core accepts him, massaging his hardness with every stroke as he goes back and forth.

Grayson suddenly eases up, bracing my legs against my chest as he inspects my pussy and watches his cock going in and out. I feel more exposed than ever before but realize that he's getting more excited as he watches his length drill into my opening.

"Oh, God… Kat. What are you doing to me!" he exclaims in a guttural tone that causes my lady-bits to clench. I'm already getting closer and closer with each stroke especially since this time around, there isn't any pain, just pure pleasure.

He pulls me up, his cock slipping out as he kisses me long and hard as if staking his claim on me. I am weak in the knees – weak all over.

"Get on your knees, princess."

My heart flutters but I do so nonetheless, arching my back and spreading my legs for him. I feel dirty and exposed, but I love every second of it. I love the feeling of sluttiness that comes out when I'm with Grayson.

He grabs onto my hips and thrusts into me. I can't help but gasp at the new feeling this angle brings. He feels bigger, and somehow it's like my core starts to ache again, but yet it feels so good. An overwhelming type of good that has me whimpering with each thrust. Grayson doesn't hold back, he fucks me like a dog in heat, digging into my flesh with his fingers, grunting as he bucks into me. My mouth is gaped open, trying to make sense of all this pleasure, and for a second, I feel as if I want to cry.

He fills me with so much more than his cock. I feel renewed, I feel alive, and my heart is flooding with a type of happiness that I cannot describe. Desperate to cum, I start to push back onto him as he thrusts into me. The loud slaps of skin-to-skin echo in my ears. I can feel liquid trailing down the sides of my legs.

It's all too much. I tremble, shiver, and scream his name as I cum hard. He holds me up, steadies my shaking body and continues to fuck me until he moans and bucks, twitching inside me as he fills me with his cum.

I am breathing hard, I am salivating, and my body is in a state of bliss as his warm cum floods me. When he pulls out, it all rushes to the front, falling to the carpet in a plop. I think Grayson is done with

me now, but I'm highly mistaken.

He rubs his still-hard cock against my drenched pussy, and I quiver from the overstimulation. He is slick against me, yet hard. When he inserts again, I am surprised to find he still has more up his sleeves.

"Ohhhh," he moans as he slides back and forth inside me while I double over in pleasure at the immense lubrication that makes this feel like heaven on earth.

I leak to the floor as he fills me with slow, agonizing strokes, rocking my body against him to meet everyone. One of his hands leaves my hips to move beneath me and presses onto my overly sensitive clit. He smears his cum all over my pussy, and I shiver as he starts playing with my clit – all the while still thrusting into me.

I am on the verge of losing my mind. One more stroke, and I know I will bawl my eyes out, so I beg him to fuck me faster.

"Please," I say below my breath, my body on fire.

He does as asked and fucks me until I am screaming his name and clenching hard around him. With my knees now too weak to support me, I fall to the floor and Grayson comes along with me. I am flat on my stomach, and he is still above me, fucking me like crazy.

"Daddy, please come for me!" I exclaim, unable to take another minute of his sweet cock.

His grip tightens, and he drills into me faster but not for long. He quickly pulls out and shoots his cum onto my ass while I continue to writhe beneath him.

God, I love this man.

Chapter 8

Grayson

I leave the house feeling more alive than I've ever felt in my life. Kat makes me want to take on the world. Being with her makes me feel like I can conquer anything. I don't know what it is but she makes me happy. I feel complete. Even leaving her to head to work was hard. I wanted to make her cum over and over again – I wanted to enjoy the feel of her body pressed against mine.

But then it dawns on me like a dark cloud that Kat will be leaving in a couple of days and I'll be all alone again. The feeling fills me with dread, but I know there's nothing I can do about it. As good as we are in bed, too many things are at stake. Relationships would be ruined, gossip would escalate, and I can't risk any of that. Kat is too young. She may think this is what she wants but later, she will look back and regret everything. She will find someone younger, hotter and smarter – someone who is well-deserving of her.

I want that for her – I want her to be happy – yet, I can't help the anger that bubbles up inside me when I think about Kat being with another man.

I want to be her first and her last.

"Snap out of it, Grayson. This is ridiculous." I know it is. This is Kat, for Christ's sake. The sex was good and that's it.

Yet, for the rest of the day, all I can think about is her and going home to her. I want to be inside her again, and the thought stirs me to the point of discomfort. For the first time in a long while, I can't even concentrate on work. All I can think about is a woman I promised myself I'd never touch, yet I've touched her in all the right places countless times.

My phone rings, and I am jolted from my thoughts. I look at the caller ID and feel myself going pale at the contact on the screen. I clear my throat as I pick it up.

"Hey Steven, what's up?"

"Hey man, just checking in as usual. How's everything going?"

I scratch my neck. "Everything is great; how's Spain?"

"Great, and it's really good for business too. I can definitely see myself spending my retirement here."

I smile. "That sounds awesome, man."

“Yeah, so how’s everything with Kat?”

I swallow the guilt that threatens to choke me. “Kat’s a sweetheart as always. I left her at the house when I left for work this morning. She should be fine.” Of course, she is. She is probably sound asleep after the fuck session we had before I left.

“Thanks again, buddy for taking care of her. I know she’s an adult and all, but it’s nice to have her around someone we trust who can also keep her safe.”

Guilt eats at me, and I want to kick myself for being such a fucking dick. How can I betray my friend like that?

I clear my throat. “Hey, it’s not a problem. Listen, enjoy the rest of your trip, and I’ll see you on the weekend.” I say.

“We might arrive on Thursday instead. During our stay here, a dealer called Emily wants to show her a few pieces in person. He’ll be out of town after Friday. He really has some great propositions, and we don’t want to pass that up.”

“I wouldn’t either; that sounds amazing, man. I understand.”

“Yeah, so I’ll let you know what’s happening tomorrow. I’m gonna call Kat afterward. She should be excited to have us home,” Steven chuckles.

“Definitely. Well, I better get back to work. Talk to you soon.”

I hang up and manage a sigh, riddled by guilt once again. Steven has always been a good friend to me from the very day we met until now. I had said once that I wouldn’t let anything get in the way of our friendship, and here I am, allowing his own daughter to do just that. It’s not right; this is betrayal on so many levels, but Kat is an irresistible young woman – even more so now that I’ve explored every inch of her.

It dawns on me that our time together will be limited. I’d hoped to have her for a few more days but with her parents coming back, I only have her for one night. Somehow that fills me with dread and I can’t explain why. I should be happy; the sooner she leaves, the quicker things can get back to normal, but I’m not.

That evening when I leave to head home, she’s there in the living room in her little cotton shorts and crop top. Her legs seem endless, her skin like butter as she walks toward me. Her scent fills my nostrils, her smile making me weak in the knees. She excites me, plain and simple, in a way that no woman ever has. I just wish things weren’t so complicated.

She reaches up to kiss me, and it seems all the stress from today has

faded with the simple caress. It feels like no one else matters when I'm with her. I kiss her back with all I've got, and she eases off a little to smile against my mouth.

"You seemed to have missed me," she teases.

"Really? What gave it away?" I chuckle, and she blushes a bright red. "Did your parents call?" I ask her and watch as the smile falls from her face.

"Yeah, they're coming back tomorrow. We won't even be able to go to that club I was telling you about," she pouts.

I use my thumb to caress her cheeks, admiring her beauty. "We can go some other time." I know that false hope is the last thing I should be giving her, but I don't want to ruin this moment. "I just want to spend all of tonight with you."

Admiration fills her eyes, and she reaches up to kiss me again. This time it's soft and sweet and passionate, taking a piece of my heart second by second. I'm already hard for her – every inch of my body recognizes hers and I want to dive right in. As she kisses me, she starts to fumble with my belt, her kiss getting needier and needier. I reach for her crop top and push it just above her tits so I can see them – feel them pressed against me. I then reach into her shorts and cup her sodden flesh. I like the fact that Kat has learned to be panty-less around me in the short space of time she's been here. It's definitely something a guy can get used to.

I quickly pull off my pants while she kicks her shorts to the side and pulls me in for another kiss. My hard erection rubs against her stomach, her tits against my chest as desire heightens tenfold. I want her so fucking bad, and I can't wait. I've already waited hours to get to this point, and I can't do it any longer.

I turn her around and lift one of her legs so her knee is resting on the armrest of the sofa. She juts out her ass, and I swipe my hand across her aroused flesh; it's wet, my fingers parting her soft folds. Kat whimpers and grinds on my flattened fingers until they are soaked with her juices.

"I want you now," she says softly, looking back at me with lust evident in her eyes. I rub my cock against her opening, smearing it with her juices before pushing it inside her. She gasps the way she always does when she takes me for the first time, and it motivates me to push a little deeper until I at least have half my length inside her. She's tight and fucking creamy. I can feel every bit of her walls massaging my cock, expanding for deeper reach.

Kat starts to moan endlessly for a few minutes in, her cunt hugging

me tighter. The feeling is blissful. I don't want to stop but know I'll have to soon. Kat is a cum buster. The need to fuck her harder grows more intense with each passing second. I reach for her and pull her against me, clasping her tits with my face on her neck, kissing her subtle flesh. I continue to plunge into her, pinching her nipples before my hands slide to her neck. I hold her there, her neck arched back against me while I fuck her.

"Yes, Oh my gosh, yes! Harder, please," she begs, and I do just that, collecting her shivers and holding her against me while I give her all that I've got.

She starts to clench around me, her body shivering as her orgasm approaches. I don't stop, even when her moans have heightened and she finally reaches the peak.

"Oh, Grayson yes! I love you!" she blurts as she cums around me.

I stiffen as my own orgasm takes course and at the fact that she really just said those words. I let her loose and she immediately seems to realize her mistake as she looks to me. Fucking hell, this can't be happening.

"Kat," I say to her while she scurries to put on her clothes.

She doesn't answer me, she doesn't look at me, and it lets me know her words are true. She does. I know her declaration should bring me joy, but it doesn't. I already told her from the very beginning that this could only be casual, but I should have known better. She was a virgin, for Christ's sake and nine times out of ten, they always get attached.

She finally looks toward me with tears brimming in her eyes. "I'm sorry. I know that this isn't what you wanted to hear, but I can't control what I feel."

"Kat, we agreed this would be casual. I made myself clear and you said you wouldn't get your feeling involved—"

"My feelings were already involved before I got here," she sniffs, using her small crop top to cover her chest.

I freeze in that spot and just stare at her. She licks her lips. "I've loved you for a long time, Grayson and being here just made it all clearer. I just wanted you, and I'm sorry if I lied to you when I said I'd keep my feelings out of it. I just wanted you so much."

I just stare at her. I don't know what to say. This is a mess that I never anticipated. Yes, I was kinda expecting shit to hit the fan but I never imagined Kat confessing her love to me during sex.

It is inevitable now. Her heart would be broken at the end of this. I

can’t be the man she wants, and I can’t give her what she needs.

“I think it’s time to call it a night,” I say as I move past her and head upstairs.

Chapter 9

Kat

I don't know what I was thinking blurting out such a thing to Grayson, but I was so caught up in my feelings that I couldn't help myself—added with the fact that it was our last night. I couldn't control the burst of emotions that overcame me.

But I want to kick myself. It was evident on Grayson's face that he didn't return those feelings. I didn't expect him to, but the sudden disappointment that had marred his features was unforgettable. I feel like an idiot – a complete fool for falling so deep for a man I knew from the very beginning wouldn't love me back. He made that clear and I appreciated that, but a tiny piece of me had hope that his mind would change during our time together.

I cry myself to sleep for the rest of the night, knowing I will be going back to a sad reality without Grayson in it.

That morning when I get up, I hear him shuffling around the house, but I don't leave my room. I can't meet his gaze; I don't want to be embarrassed all over again, knowing I am the only one in love. I pack my bags and wait in my room for my parents to come and pick me up. Hours later, I hear a car in the driveway, and I know it's them. I head downstairs, trying to seem as calm and collective as I can muster but I'm quaking on the inside. Grayson is in the living room with my family, talking and laughing about their trip, and I'm scared to enter.

But I do. I make an appearance with a practiced smile on my face and watch as my parents bound from the sofa to hug me. I hug them and almost resist the urge to cry.

"Oh, sweetheart, we are so happy to be back. We missed you so much!" Mom hugs me and then dad follows.

"I missed you guys too." My eyes shift to Grayson to find that he isn't even looking my way. He's finding every excuse not to, and it tugs at my heart. "Are you guys ready to go?" I ask.

Mom seems shocked and a little taken aback as she looks between Grayson and me, but she doesn't say anything about it. She nods instead and reaches for her purse. "Grayson, we'll talk. Thanks again for allowing Kat to stay here," she says with a smile.

"Don't mention it," he says, smiling at her. I expect him to look at me even once but he doesn't.

We're gone from his house in a matter of minutes. Just like that, it's over, and it feels like my world is crumbling around me. Mom keeps asking me if everything is okay, and I tell her it is, even though that's the furthest from the truth.

When we finally arrive at my house, I head to my room and lock myself in as I cry.

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A month passes, and I am packing for my flight the following day with Amy there to help me. The feeling is bittersweet but more bitter than sweet. For the past month, I haven't heard a word from Grayson. I haven't seen him either. When my parents chose to visit, I always stayed behind. That is the reality now. I had been waiting for him to say something but the last words that's were spoken were when I told him I loved him. Ever since, he has made it a point of duty to avoid me. It shouldn't hurt me the way it does but I can't help it. The fact that he's been acting like this has torn at every part of my heart.

"You're still thinking about him, aren't you?" she asks.

"I can't help it," I admit.

"Listen, something amazing happened to you this summer, and now it's over. Don't beat yourself up over it; just be grateful for the experience. This is life, Kat… we get heartbreaks, we fall in love, and sometimes it works out, and sometimes it doesn't. You'll be fine at the end of the day," she reassures, patting my back.

"I know… I just…. I just wish things were different. He's not even talking to me."

"I just think he needs more time to come to terms with this. I mean, you kinda really did drop a huge bomb on him, Kat."

I huff. "I know, but I'm leaving tomorrow. Even a goodbye would suffice."

Amy reaches for me and pulls me in for a hug. "I'm sorry, babe."

I'm packing my things into my dad's car the next afternoon, saddened to the point of tears. There's still no Grayson, and at this point, I've given up hope.

"Sweetheart, are you okay? You seem a little bit down," my mom says.

"I'm fine, mom. Don't worry," I reassure her, and she doesn't push any further.

I throw the last bag in and am about to head to the house when I hear a voice behind me.

"Kat…?"

I think maybe I'm hallucinating, but when I turn around, Grayson is standing there. He still looks fresh and handsome, but his hair has grown out a little, making him look a little rugged. As I stare at him, shocked, all the feelings I have for him leap forward – all the memories back at his house. I want to run in his arms, but I want to be angry too. It's been a month. What does he even have to say?

He approaches me, my parents look a little confused as they pause what they're doing to see what's happening.

"I'm sorry," he simply says to me. His eyes are genuine, and I can feel the tears pricking the back of my eyes. But he then turns to my parents and surprises me. "Steven… Emily, you can disown me after this or punch me in the face however many times you want, but that won't change the fact that I'm in love with your daughter," he exclaims, and I gasp, along with my mom.

My heart is about to burst in my chest, and my eyes are burning with impending tears when I play over the words in my head. This can't be true; this has to be a joke.

"Grayson, what are you doing?" I choke.

He reaches for my hand. "I was a coward for allowing you to leave. A coward for refusing to love you because of what happened in my past, but I realize that now. I've realized that it's now hard to wake up without you being there. I didn't realize I was empty before but after you came and left, I knew that you were the missing piece in my life. You fill the gap, Kat and I'm sorry it took me so fucking long to realize it… Please forgive me."

At this point, I'm a sobbing mess. Tears are streaming down my face, and my heart is full with his declaration. I can't believe it. Grayson Tuck is actually in love with me. Me!

"There's nothing to forgive. I love you so much!" I cry as I lunge into his arms, kissing him hard on the lips. All this feels like a fairy tale, and I'm the luckiest princess alive. It seems surreal. But then I am pulled from Grayson abruptly, and before I can process what's happening, he's on the ground with my dad hovering over him.

***

I dab at his busted lip while he smiles at me. I smile back, my heart

doing a double flip with the joy that radiates through me.

“I can’t believe you said all that before my parents,” I say to him.

“I couldn’t hold it in any longer, and they deserved to know,” he says, wincing when I apply more peroxide to the cotton pad and place it on his mouth.

“My dad hates you.”

He frowns, but his smile quickly takes its place again. “I can live with that, but I can’t live without you. You win some, you lose some, princess.”

“He’ll come around eventually. He’s just hurt now, but at the end of the day, my dad only wants what’s best for me.”

“And you think that’s me?” he grins.

“I know so. I love you, Grayson.”

“I love you. I’m sorry I was such an asshole to you when you said it the first time,” he says as he hangs his head. I reach for his face and kiss him softly against the bruise.

“Don’t feel bad. I understand.”

He smiles. “How did I get so lucky?”

“I ask myself the same thing when I think about you.”

He laughs, and fuck, I am on cloud nine. My parents don’t want anything to do with Grayson, they are disappointed in me and yet I’m the happiest I’ve ever been. As long as I have Grayson, I know that everything else will work out fine in time.

“How will we make this work, Kat?”

I bite my lips as I ponder his question. I never really gave that much thought before. “I’m not sure, but we have to. I can come during my breaks, and you can visit me every now and then. It’ll only be for a year until I’m done with college,” I remind.

He nods. “Yeah, and I will be taking plenty trips to New York to sort out business anyway. I can see you for weeks on end,” he grins.

I blush. “We will make this work, won’t we?”

“Most definitely. This is the beginning of forever, princess. I hope you’re ready for the ride.”

“There’s one particular ride I have in mind,” I blush, and he knows right away what I’m talking about. He chuckles, reaches for me and kisses me hard and passionately. I am weak in the knees, completely head over heels in love with this man.

Epilogue

A year has passed and I can say I'm at my happiest. Ever since I decided to look past my fears and truly open myself to love again, life has been great. Kat completes me in every single way and though it seems almost impossible to love her more than I already have, I love her more with each passing day.

I smile as I dig into my pocket and retrieve the box that has been tucked there all afternoon. My hands are shaky as I open it up and gaze at the diamond ring that sparkles under the glow of the light. My heart swells and a nervous jolt moves through me, but I know I have to do this. I have never been this certain. I've wanted to for so long but have held back because I wanted her to finish college first. And now that she has, I want her to enter this new chapter of life with me as her husband. It feels only right.

I know she loves me, but my only fear in asking is her readiness. What if she isn't ready to make such a big commitment. What if she is still feeling out this whole relationship between me and her and would want to explore some more? I can't help all these questions as I look at the piece of jewelry and try to envision her reaction as I ask her.

With a sigh, I wipe a bead of sweat from my brows and clear my throat before grabbing up my car keys. I glance at my watch as I step outside and realize I have some time to spare before Kat gets home. She's out now celebrating with her friends for finally being done with college. And tonight I'll have her all to myself as planned.

I drive to Kat's parents house and muster a sigh as I park into their driveway. Ever since our falling out a year ago, they've barely said a word to me even though I've tried countless times to get them to see my side. They hate me – which is understandable from their point of view. It's like I swooped in like a predator and snatched their only daughter from them. The betrayal that I inflicted still leaves my mouth a bit sour, but I'd gladly sacrifice anything if it meant having Kat.

I get out and walk towards the door, my steps feeling heavy as I do so. I know they're home because their cars are parked outside and Kat had mentioned that they would be. I pull at my shirt and rake my hand through my hair before I knock and wait for someone to open up.

It seems like I'm standing there forever before the door finally swings open and Steven appears on the other side. His expression falls

as soon as he sees it's me, his face gone completely blank as his gaze roams my face.

"What are you doing here?" He asks, hand planted on the door as if he just can't wait to close it in my face.

"I wanted to talk to you – both of you," I say, glancing over his shoulder to see Mrs. Wellington in the back, her arms crossed and brows furrowed.

"I can't imagine what you might have to say to us," Steven quips and I clear my throat.

"Can we maybe take this inside? I won't be long," I say, knowing this wasn't the ideal place for a proper conversation.

Stevens thinks on it for a second, his mouth twisting derisively before he turns to his wife. Their gazes hold before she offers a small nod. Steven turns back to me, pulling the door further open as he steps to the side and allow me room to enter.

"Thank you," I say as I walk behind Mrs. Wellington to the living room. There, we all take a seat – both of them sitting on one end while I am forced to sit at the other, facing them while they stare back at me with judgement in their eyes.

"I er – I know that the relationship that we had in the past will never exist again…" I begin.

"Damn right about that," Steven exclaims.

"Can you blame us?" Mrs Wellington put in. "We trusted you and so much so that we placed her in your care for some time and what did you do … you seduced our little girl!" She croaked.

"Kat's an adult and she was more than capable of making her own decisions," I say before quickly continuing. "Anyway, I didn't come here to fight – there's no point in it. Kat and I are happy and I haven't regretted a single thing since meeting her. I love her and she loves me and as long as we're together, nothing else matters to me, but now, I think it's time for our relationship to grow and that's why I'm here…"

They both glance at each other before looking back at me with a quizzical expression on their faces.

"I'm sorry that I betrayed your trust, I'm sorry that I didn't go about telling you in a different manner but I can't change what happened. I can tell you a thousand times that I love Kat but I don't know if it'll make any difference to you, but I wanna marry her – she's everything to me – and I've come here to ask for your blessings before I do so," I say, watching as their faces pale, their mouths falling open.

“I love your daughter and I would do anything to see her happy; I believe I can do that. I want to make her my wife.”

Steven’s mouth opens and closes as he sits there completely flabbergasted. He looks to his wife whose eyes starts to well with tears and then he clears his throat, looking at me.

“Despite our differences, I know you know that I love Kat and I’m here because I still respect you both and I don’t want to do this without letting you know first.”

Mrs. Wellington sniffs and quickly blink back the tears as she stares back at me. There is silence for a while before she finally says. “We know you love her, Grayson and me know she loves you too. We’ve seen it for ourselves but you’ve got to understand that this hasn’t been easy for us.”

I nod and then she continues after a pregnant silence fills the room again. “But this isn’t about us, is it? Kat is happy and that’s all that matters to me and as long as you’re the source of her happiness, I really can’t get in the way of it,” she says before wiping the tears that had finally managed to spill from her face.

I manage a smile and look to Steven who grinds his teeth together and looks at the floor. He’s there in deep thought and I give him the time to come to whatever conclusion he wants. A yes or no wouldn’t change the fact that I want to marry Kat; I just know that if he says no, it will break her heart and that’s the last thing I want.

Stevens looks up after an eternity and steadies his gaze on me. “I can’t deny that you make her happy and that’s all I ever want for my baby girl, but if she ever comes over with a single tear on her face, that’s where we’re gonna have a problem, Grayson.”

I nod, feeling some relief override me. “I would never hurt Kat.”

“See, that’s a promise you can’t keep,” he cut in. “But if she does say yes, I won’t get in the way.”

I pull in a breath, feeling the full effect of my relief. “Thank you, thank you both.” I can’t help my laugh as joy spurs within my heart.

For a couple minutes more we engage in light chatter before I decide it’s time to go home and prepare for my evening with Kat. She doesn’t know that I have an evening planned for us but that’s exactly the way I wanted it.

After I’m finished setting up a table for us and checking with the two private chefs that I’ve hired, I take a shower before heading back downstairs. As soon as I descend the stairs, Kat enters through the

front door and closes it behind her. My heart flutters in my chest as I look at her and try to envision the rest of the evening together. I've missed her so much even though it's been a couple of hours but for the past months, it's like Kat has become a part of me and I simply can't live without her constantly by my side.

When she turns and spots me at the foot of the stairs, her eyes light up and a hundred-watt smile brightens her face. I can't help my own, knowing that I have such an effect on her. Her joy is infectious and I crave for it.

She bounds toward me and stares into my eyes as I stare into hers. Without any more hesitation, she captures my lips and my entire body awakens. She's soft and sweet as usual and I can't get enough. My manhood stirs and my heart swells as I grow more desirous.

"I've missed you," she says, kissing me again, needier this time. I can tell what she wants and want so much to give it to her but I know I have to hold out until later – no matter how hard. No pun intended.

"I missed you too," I say as I break our kiss and look down at her. "And I have something special planned for us."

She raises a brow and looks around the house, her nose twitching a bit. "Is that food I smell?" She muses, her voice raising a pitch.

"That's right. I have the garden set up for just us two," I inform.

Her mouth widens. "What? What is all this about?"

"Do you really have to ask?" I tease. "My baby just completed college and was the valedictorian. Of course more celebrations are in order."

Her cheeks redden. "Aww babe… you didn't have to…"

"Of course I had to," I say before I kiss her again.

"Okay, but can I just go freshen up first?"

"Of course."

She smiles, give me a quick peck on the lips before she dashes up the stairs and to our bedroom. It then dawns on me that within the hour I'll ask her to be my wife. With a huff, I wipe my now sweaty palms against my pants and move to see if everything's in place.

I'm waiting for Kat downstairs, feeling like time had gone at a standstill despite the fact that it wasn't even thirty minutes yet. But when she finally rejoins me, my breath catches in my throat as my gaze roam over her.

She's in a silk peach dress that does wonders to her ivory skin. It skims past her knees, a narrow split at the side, hinting at her creamy thighs. The cleavage area is slightly snug but the material falls between her breasts, showing just a hint of the creamy mounds. I know she's bra-less from the way her tight nipples protrudes and how her full breasts bounce slightly with each movement. I swallow the saliva that pools in my mouth, now completely hungry for her. She's beautiful and has managed to take my breath away on every occasion.

"I know that look," she teases.

I try not to grin. "Don't be a tease; I'm already trying extra hard to get through dinner."

She giggles as she reached for my hand. "Alright then; I promise to be a good little girl for daddy tonight," she whispers.

Blood rushes to my cock. "Not for the entire night," I whisper against her ear and she shivers.

She flashes me a look that tells me she's up for the challenge before we both head outside. It's a bit chilly, but not cold. Either way, I don't think Kat realizes with how entranced she is at the setup. The dinner table sits in the middle of the garden – a table for two – with lights lining the pathway, highlighting every single flower that it's wrapped around. There's a bouquet for her right in the center of the table with a wild assortment because she always said she could never really pick one.

The expression on her face brings me joy and it makes me realize I've done a good job.

"Babe, this is lovely," she says, looking from me to the décor.

I smile as I usher her towards the chair and pull one out for her. She takes a seat as her gaze continues to inspect the place.

Just then the two chefs enter; one with a bottle of chilled wine and the other with some appetizers.

"Wha–" Kat soaks everything up, looking at me with so much adoration, I feel like hopping around like a kid.

It makes me anxious because now I feel like I can't wait until the end of this to ask her the big question. I'm too on edge – too desperate for an answer.

But I wait – at least until she has completed the main course as she might have been hungry. As we eat, she tells me about her day and I tell her about mine – cropping out certain details of course.

After the main course we decide on dessert and I'm glad I ordered her favorite – tiramisu. Her mouth falls open as soon as she sees it and she digs in right away, making me laugh.

"I love you," I tell her and she looks up at me with a bright blush on her face.

"I love you too."

"And that's how I know that what I'm about to ask you is probably the best decision I've made in my entire life," I say and her brows furrow.

I clear my throat. "I've loved you for a long time, Kat and now that you're constantly by my side, it seems like loving you and making you happy is my only priority. You've given me so much joy over the past year and I can't explain how much I appreciate you; I just know that I want to wake up to you every single morning and go to bed with you every single night. I'm the happiest I've been with you in my life…"

"Grayson…" she begins to say, her eyes welling with tears.

I move off the chair and pluck the small box from my pocket before I approach her and bend on one knee. Kat's hand is already over her mouth as soon as she sees the box and freezes in that spot when she realizes what's about to happen.

I look up to her once I'm settled and pop the small velvet box open. She gasps when she sees the ring and the tears finally spills from her eyes.

"Katherine Wellington, will you make me the luckiest man alive by becoming my wife?" I ask her, my heart galloping in my chest as I await her answer.

Fortunately for me, I don't have to wait long because her resounding "Yes!" comes as quickly as the words leave my mouth. She bounds off the chair and plunges herself into my arms, almost knocking both of us to the floor. I am quick to steady her as I cling to her and get us to our feet. I smash my lips against her, tasting her salty tears mixed with her sweet, wine-stained breath.

We kiss for a long time until my cock grows hard against her, so much so that I know she feels it. But she only breaks apart to grin at me as she stretches out her hand for me to place the ring on. More tears continue to tumble down her unblemished skin as I slip on the diamond ring that fits her slender finger perfectly.

She chokes out a sob as she looks at me and throws her hands around me. "A thousand times yes! I love you so much Grayson!"

“I love you too, baby girl,” I say, hugging her tight and not wanting to ever let her go.

I know it. I know that I’m the luckiest man alive and that’s all because I have Kat by my side. Nothing else have ever been so certain, so right and I know that I’ll spend the rest of our lives, showing her why she made the right choice.

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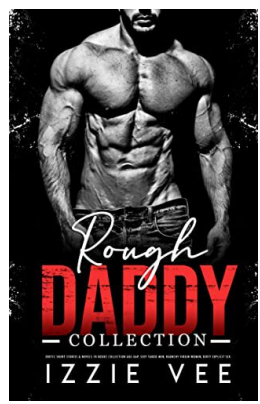

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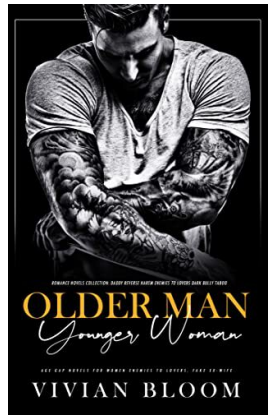

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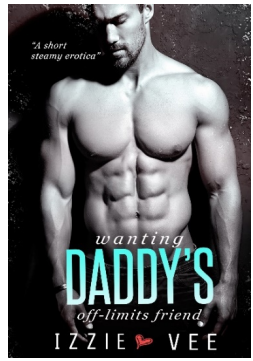

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SAMPLE

I couldn't believe that I was about to head off to college and never had a sexual experience in my life. The person I considered my boyfriend in my senior years of high school was initially the person I thought I would take the big step with but later found that he only had one intention in mind, and that was to fuck the only girl in our year who was rumored to still be a virgin – me. It had hurt, and I had broken off the relationship with a few heated words thrown at him but later realized there wasn't much I wanted out of the relationship either rather than sex.

I didn't want to be a virgin anymore, so I picked the boy that had given me the most attention and decided that he was the one. Unfortunately, he wasn't and here I was, about to head off to college with my hymen intact.

If it were only based on desire alone, then my dream guy would be the one who came over to my house every now and then with all his charm and kindness. He was the first crush I ever had, but I knew there was nothing I could make of the relationship considering he was my father's best friend.

Connor was everything I wanted in a man; he was sweet, kind, caring, incredibly handsome, and packing for his age. He taught gym at the college that I was accepted into, which made my excitement all the more profound. Dad said that Connor would be there to look out for me as he had always done, and I … ***To continue reading get your FREE DOWNLOAD HERE.***